

TELESCOPE

AUGUST

1962



Home is the first breeding ground for juvenile delinquency. Ninety-five per cent of convicts start as juvenile delinquents. Canada is building four new federal juvenile institutions. But is this the answer? See SOCIETY AND THE DELINQUENT CHILD. — Page 4.

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Editorials

CIRCUMSTANCES

It is heartening to Canadian prisoners to see Rabbi Leiner go 'all the way' with his recent complaint of mistreatment by Toronto Metropolitan Police and come out a winner.

Previous charges of this nature, though frequent, have always been adjudged unfounded because the police who investigated the police failed to turn up any evidence to justify the charges.

The Ontario Bar Association is to be commended for conducting an independent investigation into the Rabbi's case and, as a result of the findings, supporting him.

The Association, to our knowledge, has never taken such steps before. But Rabbi Leiner is a highly respected person.

WHERE ALL THY SONS STAND FREE

During the years since Confederation, as Canadians have been cloud-walking in the comfortable assumption of their manifold social and political freedoms, those same freedoms have been shrinking down and down, dehydrated into little corpses by the dry calculation of 'gimmick' laws, deliberately brought into being in order to circumvent the natural protection such freedoms afford.

The one great principle upon which social freedoms are based rests with the law and its declaration that a man is innocent until proven guilty.

A Toronto lawyer, John Honsberger, states that such a principle is 'folklore.' In a preliminary study he has come across approximately fifty statutes that call for 'reverse onus'—a prime example of the 'gimmick' law.

Is a man's home really his castle? Not according to Mr. Honsberger. So many acts allow inspectors and officials to enter a private home that if they all came at once there would be no room to contain them. Your house can be torn apart from basement to attic purely on suspicion that you may be hiding something and there is not a thing you can do about it!

Not too many years ago a man and a woman were sleeping peacefully in their beds when their door was kicked open and a shotgun thrust into their faces before it was learned that the law had raided the wrong house. All that was missing was the thunder of jack boots.

RIGHTS WITHOUT MEANS

In "The Land Of The Free," Canada's "Big Brother" to the south, two hundred fifteen people were arrested and two men killed because a black American chose to test his franchise. Canadians might pause to consider just how worthy is the country that we so heavily copy our culture and values from.

ENGLISH COMPARISON.

It is rapidly becoming more and more apparent from the results of the many Probes and Commissions into organized crime that this is becoming one of the country's greatest social and economic problems. Yet for all these measures presently being taken, very little is being done to stem the present up-surge in crime. To coin a well worn phrase, "Attack is the best defense." It is applicable here, but not being applied.

It is significant that Canada, whose population is on the brink of twenty million, has three times the number of people in jail that England has, whose population is three times greater. This shows that the problem is not being treated properly. Perhaps if we were to take some examples from the parent country we might profit.

One of the most glaring faults with our system, is the constantly reported police brutality to men arrested on suspicion of various crimes. Only when this brutality and over-policing impinges upon the ordinary non-criminal citizen does the end result cause the police to lose face with the public. When the law-enforcement body falls in the estimation of those whom it is supposed to be protecting, *as it has*, then the public is going to swing to the left and fight the law, not help it.

This tragedy which is costing the public millions every year, should be rectified. Instead of probes into organized crime, there should be closer and more frequent probes into the Police Organizations.

GANGSTERISM

In a recent edition of a widely read Toronto newspaper, a column was headed. "Union Letter, Gangsterism, Says Councillor." It went on to relate how a prominent Councillor received a letter from a Labor Union, complaining about wages and asking for a "*fair wage*," to be levied.

The Councillor was outraged at such a demand and because, he knew of no way to answer it, he labelled it, "Gangsterism." This is a common failing today, particularly noticeable amongst people of position, who, when confronted with something that is too much for them to handle, have to come out with some explanation. They invariably resort to the use of a phrase or word that has such a wide meaning, that they cannot be pinned down. Such a word is, "Gangsterism."

If they are unable to cope with a demand, then surely they must realize and face the fact that their job is too big for them. If they face these facts, then they should pass the job on to someone who is capable of dealing with it without resorting to name-calling.

SOCIETY

& The Delinquent Child

E. E. Chalmers

There have, in all probability, been millions of words expended in numerous attempts to account for the existence of juvenile delinquency. Statistics have grown with the efforts made to correlate all the facts.

There is much casting about on the part of sociologists and penologists in their efforts to account for the reasons underlying juvenile delinquency. And there is much difference of opinion. Of course there are sure to be differences of opinion where many experts are investigating a problem of such elusiveness and complexity.

After all, it is human material with which they are dealing and the intricacy and variety of individual personalities makes it absolutely impossible to set down hard and fast rules of behaviour, label them and file them away as inflexible standards by which to estimate the personality of a given individual, child or adult.

The bug-bear of generalization, so insidious, often leads men astray when they attempt to evaluate something on the basis of comparison or even of past performance. And yet, without some generalizing, it would be impossible to form any picture at all. The danger lies in accepting generalizations as tentative absolutes; in acting on them as if they were sweepingly accurate syntheses of a many-sided problem.

If it is ascertained that a few juvenile delinquents have but a single parent, it is often concluded, by the process of inductive reasoning, that the

lack of one parent is conducive to the producing of a delinquent child. The fact that an equal or, as is more truly the case, a greater number of young people having but one parent are socially successful, would seem to invalidate any such inference. We discover the inference to be a weak generalization.

Even if the statement is qualified to the effect that *some* children having but one parent are apt to become delinquent, it is still too general and, as a law upon which to take constructive action, is to all intents and purposes, meaningless.

One may go on compiling meaningless statistics without end: Some delinquents come from homes in which alcohol has been a problem; some delinquents come from homes in which one or both parents are immoral, whatever that means. Increased urbanization is another supposed cause of delinquency, and there are many more given a place by sociologists and penologists among reasons for delinquency.

Having discovered a variety of environmental backgrounds, all of them seemingly contributing forces toward delinquency in some individuals, yet apparently not affecting others, authorities on the subject, notably those in the field of social psychology, postulate a second environment. While the external environment is the sociological milieu of the delinquent child, the internal environment is supposedly the psychological 'make-up' of the individual concerned, his inner resources.



The theory of a double environment serves to supply a missing factor in the equation of personality reaction to external pressures. It appears to answer, and to answer adequately, the question of why one person may react negatively to adverse conditions while another person reacts positively.

To account for this seeming paradox it must be supposed that elements other than the obviously external are at work. Children, then, with different personality patterns will react differently to the same general environment. Two children grow out of a slum area, for instance, sprung from the same biological antecedents, one of them to become a socially adequate citizen, the other to miss the brass ring and end up at odds with the very society that nurtured it.

There is no other way to account for this other than to suppose that one child 'aborted', socially speaking, somewhere on the road to maturity while the other did not. Both had, to all outward appearances, the same road to travel. Yet only one of them made the grade.

It would be utter nonsense to suggest that children consciously, and therefore, willingly, choose the force and direction of their mental and emotional growth just at it would be utter

nonsense to suggest that they consciously choose the force and direction of their physical growth and are therefore directly responsible for their personal appearance. No sane person would dream of sitting in judgement upon the shape of a young man's nose. How then can anyone presume to sit in judgement upon his character?

It seems rather ludicrous for society to be so gravely concerned over the actions of its children when those children are simply mirroring the actual, as opposed to the spoken and written mores of their civilization. Modern Western Society lives by a double standard of morals. It is not the first society to do so and it will likely not be the last one to do so.

Victorian England is an excellent example of the double standard by which a people has lived. On the one hand a severe moral rectitude was preached and otherwise disseminated to the point where it became a social obsession and drapes were eventually placed around piano legs so that the sexes would not be embarrassed, while mingling socially, by the connotation inherent in naked piano legs.

On the other hand white slavery was rampant to the degree that girls of an extremely tender age were spirited away, some kidnapped off the streets,

others lured away from unsuspecting families on the pretence of respectable employment, and installed in huge, luxuriant bordellos where it was considered wise to chloroform them before violating them so that their screams for mercy would not upset the distinguished patrons in adjacent rooms. The very men who promulgated, and rendered sanctimonious lip-service to, the declared morality of the day spent much of their leisure time in these palaces of so-called pleasure.

Today in the New World the double standard exists in all its glory, the only difference being that the accent is not on white slavery but on the acquisition at any cost of the material benefits of a highly industrialized world.

When children see their parents scrambling for success with a dollar sign on it; when they see grown-ups, whom they have been cozened into respecting as some sort of superior beings, lying and cheating and destroying their fellows with the sharp edge of the tongue and walking the tightrope of respectability and legality; when children see the tremendous value placed on mere form and appearance by their elders, what are they to do?

The surprising thing is not that there are delinquent youngsters, but that there are so few of them in view of the confusion society lets loose upon them from the time they are old enough to get about and take cognizance of what is actually going on around them in direct opposition to the truisms mouthed so glibly but ignored so adroitly by those exalted personages, and their supposed mental and emotional betters, their fathers and mothers and all the other adults with whom they come into contact day in and day out throughout their formative years.

Society, that is the individual citizens within our society, is legitimately to be blamed for juvenile delinquency.

Society manufactures them. Then, as authority did in the Dark Ages, it proceeds to indict them for what they are. If they are a weapon pointed at the heart of society, who fashioned it? Surely this is a rational age. Surely a rational society does not place on trial a weapon for the harm it inflicts but, rather, the agent that wielded it. In the Dark Ages it was sometimes considered convenient to arraign the weapon and ignore the user. The weapon was deemed guilty and forthwith destroyed — just as the delinquent product of our times is deemed guilty and slowly but certainly destroyed in the disintegrating acid baths of our 'correctional' schools, 'correctional school' being, of course, a polite euphemism for prison.

Perhaps imprisoning these troubled children serves to alleviate the conscience of society. Obviously if they are sent to prison it is they who must be at fault and not society itself. Shutting them away serves one purpose, however: their makers, their paradoxical preceptors, do not have to look them in the face.

It would be well for all thinking men and women when next they look into the face of a boy or a girl and see resentment or hate or potential violence there, not to turn away in disgust or fear. It would be well for them to take a long, careful look and then try to equate what is taught in the schools about the way in which a responsible citizen is expected to conduct himself with the way in which most citizens do conduct themselves. Then perhaps, instead, a little twinge of compassion laced with a trace of understanding and love will touch them.

Then perhaps they will think and realize that if today's youthful offenders are to be continually packed off to prison as if they had really had a choice in what sort of people they were to become, then they will continue to emerge from these places of exile as tomorrow's professional criminals.

There is no humor in Christ, Disciples, Bible, or Heaven and God never laughed.

Humor Hereafter?

Rolf L. Veenstra.

While we usually think of "humor" as synonymous with something pleasant, it is actually neutral in meaning, so that a person may speak of an ugly or disagreeable humor. The word has a medical origin, once having been used to describe such body fluids as bile and blood, which were supposed to be the cause of our moods, either cheerful or otherwise.

It has long been debated whether humor existed before the *fall* or will exist in heaven. It is very likely that a great deal of what we regard as humor (even the clean kind) would be out of keeping in either places, since the dictionary says that *humorous* is that which is ludicrous, incongruous or peculiar.* This is more evident in the fact that we use the word "funny" to describe what is odd and abnormal as well as amusing. One can hardly conceive of anything being "funny" in perfection.

Except in the awful scorn of Psalm 2:4, *God* is never spoken of as laughing, though many other human emotions are attributed to him. *Christ* is never in *Scripture* said to have laughed, and the case of humor in the *Bible* (in the usual sense) has to strain for arguments.

All this is not to imply that either Eden or eternal bliss are dead seriousness. There was likely laughter in Paradise, just as Jesus promises that there will be laughter in heaven (Luke 6:21). But this kind of laughter will not be the kind we commonly think of, but rather that of a child crowing aloud from sheer pleasure, or that of the valleys in Psalm 65, which sing and shout for joy. It is the absence of this high humor in our present vale of tears that makes us seek synthetic substitutes in slapstick, corny comedians, situation comedies, and *Reader's Digest* ribaldry.

* From *The Banner*, Official Organ of the Christian Reformed Church.

Ry



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Radiation Medication

Sig:

Medication as usual during
pregnancy, usual doses.
Radiation constantly, at rate
now existing everywhere.

Signed

Drs. K. & K.

Physicians and Morticians

Stuart Anderson

"Any dose of radiation, no matter how small, increases the probability of genetic changes."

Source Book On Atomic Energy

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, long before the present hue-and-cry over the increase in the number of deformed births, Jeremiah Goy, (our local authority on heredity and genetics) had predicted the probable increase in such mutations. He had also predicted that these deformities in the human newborn (and in the unborn, still-born, aborted, etc.,) would result from the combined action of certain drugs and the radiation from the fallout of atomic bombs.

Since such mutations (deformities) are produced in laboratories by drugs and radiations (using small animals for experiment) there was nothing radical in his prediction or opinion.

The prevalence of one type of baby (flipper-limbed) he attributes to the constant radiation interacting with a drug. Other types of deformed babies may arise from the cumulative and

combined actions of these two; radiation alone, or drugs alone.

"In the majority of these deformed babies," he asserts, "other than those brought about by direct, physical accident, radiation may be termed the 'trigger' constant."

So as to make his statements intelligible to the average person, Goy's explanations must be simplified. Even then, a slightly better than average understanding of biology and physics is needed.

The human body is made up of individual cells, billions of them. Each of these cells is surrounded by a "skin" through which pass the sugars and salts and so on, necessary to feed and maintain the cell. Inside the cell are complex chemical molecules. A definite pattern and number of *chromosomes* within each cell is characteristic for each species of animal. The number and pattern for the human species has been determined quite definitely. A different shape or number of chromosomes in a cell, then, characterizes a different species.

Radiations, it may be noted here, are particularly damaging to the shape and pattern of the chromosomes and to the proteins within the cell.

Within the chromosomes, in turn, are the *genes*. The total number of *genes* in one human cell is believed to be greater than 30,000. It is the genes responsible for reproduction which largely determine the characteristics of resulting offspring. Colour of skin, eyes, hair, the body size, the mental ability, etc., are believed to be determined by one gene for each characteristic of the individual baby. Damage, disruption, or destruction of the genes responsible for reproduction results in deformities or death of the embryo.

The certain, inescapable genetic effects of present-day radiation have three possible modes of action which are not mutually exclusive.

(1) Radiations may affect the genes by producing toxic substances within the cell. Certain chemicals (drugs) produce deformities similar to those resulting from radiation exposure.

(2) The bonds that hold the cell together, or the genes, may be broken or damaged, thus destroying them or changing their nature. Ionization, due to radiations, breaks up the molecules of which the cells are constructed.

(3) Radiation may cause the chromosomes in the cell to divide or break; the separate parts then tend to rejoin (as it is known they do) and a resulting short section of chromosomes containing some of the genes may be lost.

Any such rearrangement or destruction within the cells responsible for reproduction causes genetic changes—deformities, mutations.

Some cells in the human body have an affinity for both radiation and certain type drugs. Many drugs (chemical compounds) act on certain cells in the human body more than on other cells. They store up the drug or utilize it discriminately; they are eventually changed or destroyed by the concentration or use of it. The drugs produce

changes within the cell by damaging the chromosomes and the genes.

So, too, have certain cells the power to attract and to store up radiation. This accumulation of radiation has a particular effect on the genes, and hence, on the increase in the number of deformed embryos. It is known that radiation is cumulative, especially insofar as genetic effects are concerned. A small, otherwise harmless level of radiation continued over a long period has a special effect on the reproductive cells.

Rather than answer some pointed questions with a statement, our authority, Jeremiah Goy, states the facts and then ends with a question: "*Some drugs,*" he says, "*have an affinity for certain cells and thus cause deformities.*"

"Some radiations have an affinity for certain cells and thus cause deformities.

"Some drugs, plus a constantly increasing level of radiation, both cumulative in effect, add up to . . . what?"

The strontium (radiation) level in milk in some districts of Canada has more than doubled between April and June of this year. The level has been constantly increasing since the explosion of the first atomic bomb. It jumps after each bomb-test series. Radiation from strontium has been multiplied 2000 times over in some areas of Canada.

Governments seem reluctant (or else remiss) in their statements regarding the base value of these "units". What do these units mean in relation to deformities and death? The ways in which these values are determined are secret from most people; even the names of the units are seldom printed in the newspapers. The public is being "unitized" in more ways than one.

The *units*, so-called, for the most part have no meaning — except to those few persons who know on which criteria *one unit* is based. A man may run 5,432 units of linear measurement toward Garenogue and be no closer to it than another man who was blown 6 other

units toward Pt. Credit.

There are many factors involved in the measurement of Radiation — too many for a full treatment here. Beta rays, gamma rays, alpha rays, fast neutrons, thermal neutrons, reps, rems, and r's; these are some of the factors and the values. From a consideration of them, one fact vital to the ordinary man emerges; *"any dose of radiation, no matter how small, increases the probability of genetic changes."*

Dr. J.D. Ross, Provincial Health Minister for Alberta, brought to the attention of the Canadian public the fact that: 'A rate of two cases per 1000 in other serious diseases is considered to be an epidemic; the rate of deformed births is, by comparison, more than seven times 'epidemic'.

Doctor le Vann, Director in charge of a study into the cause and extent of deformed births states that, though his research is only one quarter completed, it has been proved that thalidomide did not cause all the deformities. "Almost all of the mothers we investigated did not take thalidomide, although many of the new-born babies had flipper-like limbs."

In Calgary, where there were five deformed births in ten days, none of the mothers had taken thalidomide. It seems, then, that the same type of deformed baby is born to mothers who have never heard of thalidomide, took no tranquillizers, and no other special drugs during pregnancy...

Professor Heinz Weicher, chief of the pediatric clinic at Bonn, "found evidence that mothers using drugs other than thalidomide had also given birth to deformed babies with flipper-like limbs."

The Toronto Star, reporting a deformed baby born in New Mt. Sinai Hospital... "the wife was not sure she had taken thalidomide, but the hospital said the deformity was definitely caused by the drug."

Radiation from strontium 90 beta rays has gone from 10 units (?) to 20,

000 units. In milk the new level is 20.2 units?—close to an all-time high. These ionizing rays are the bone-destroying, tissue-attacking, genetic affecting type. They have a cumulative effect in the human body and a special genetic effect — the disruption, destruction, alteration of the genes which will determine the characteristics of as-yet-unborn babies.

Jeremiah Goy, our local geneticist and physicist has, unfortunately, been proven substantially correct in his short-range predictions. He has made other predictions and statements on which he refuses to be quoted.

"I have no opinions to give you," he says, "only facts which have long since been substantiated by other well-known and respected scientists and by their text-books... But neither predictions nor opinion should disturb the normally intelligent person more than what he will learn by enquiring into the facts of life as it is now, with the ever-increasing radiation levels included as a variable."

"Radiation attacks the bone structure, the tissues of the stomach, throat, lungs, etc., and has a particularly devastating effect on human genetics because these tissues and organs have a special weakness — they are known to radiation experts as, "radio-sensitive tissues".

Some of the answers to Jeremiah Goy's questioning studies may be found in the answers to the following pertinent questions:

To what extent has the incidence of bone cancer increased since the first bomb's fallout?

Have the number of miscarriages increased—and have these been examined for determining whether drugs or radiation were causative factors?

Specifically, what was the nature and the cause—a deformity of what organ or organs, or unnatural, lethal characteristics?

To what extent has the incidence of stomach cancer, lung cancer, cancer of the reproductive organs etc., increased

since the first bomb-test series?

Certain types of cancer (blood, bone) have much in common with radiation "sickness".

An enquiry from Mrs. Inta Gratton, a full-blooded American Indian housewife from Georgia who, before she walked to New York to enquire about aborting her suspected-to-be-deformed baby, stated: "I was horrified when the Scientists told me that it was much more likely that I would give birth to a totally *white* baby—or one brown, black or yellow—or one with slanted features, or circumscribed in some other way, than it was that I would give birth to the flipper-limbed type baby.

"They told me," she continued, "that colour of the skin, eyes, hair, and several other body characteristics were the most commonly changed characteristics..."

Dorothy Kilgallen in her column in *The Telegram*: "On the 'radiation zone'

In some of our Western states, pastures have been so contaminated by fall-out that in Utah and Minnesota many cows have been taken off fresh grass and fed on fodder old enough to have lost some of its radioactivity. In Utah they're taking milk out of fresh consumption and diverting it into manufactured products; the contamination period is short, they believe, and the milk will not be dangerous by the time such manufactured products are consumed."

Convicts are notoriously fickle, always looking for a change...opposed to the 'status quo'. But, even though the birth rate or the genetic effects are unlikely to change rapidly within this institution, the subject of increases in the number of deformities is one on which most convicts stand completely for the status quo.

Otherwise, the twenty-year-man just starting his "bit" may very well find it difficult to appear "normal" when (or if) he is finally released into a *changed* ? New Frontier community.

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Jeremiah Goy

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CENSUS (PAST THIRTY DAYS)

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-----|------------|----|
| Received during month | 81 | Discharged | 19 |
| Transferred during month | 98 | Escaped | 0 |
| Died | 0 | At large | 0 |
| Total remaining | 914 | Paroled | 1 |

Good Bye,

Mr. Pangloss



When we are young we are most susceptible to the blandishments of the positive thinkers...the chin-up, keep-smiling every-cloud-has-a-silver-lining boys, so it is that many of us are unaware of what is a fact and what is not. I know that the positive thinkers had me so badly confused when I was young that I didn't really know which way was up. Contributing also to my illusory view of life was the fact that I had led a most sheltered existence, having spent most of my life in either a boxcar or a bucket.

The result was that even when I had reached my early twenties, I was still determined that I was going to find employment and shape a new and better life for myself. The land was smothered by the great depression, and a million or more people were unemployed. I was an ex-convict. I had no trade. And I

Wally Johnston

had no formal education, never having completed the fourth grade. In spite of all this, I saw ahead of me a rosy future, as I launched my job-finding campaign.

Three weeks later, when I had failed in Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, and was now in the process of failing in London, I decided to intensify my job-finding campaign. On occasion I had read items in newspapers deploring the fact that ex-convicts came out of prison and returned to crime, rather than going to work. With a million people unemployed, these plaintive wails seemed like much nonsense even to me, badly confused as I had become by listening to the positive thinkers. I determined that I would give the Press a chance to put its money where its mouth lay.

With the help of Brigadier Bunton of the Salvation Army, I got a formal introduction to one of the editors of the *London Free Press*. I pointed out to him that the papers had had much to say about ex-convicts who wouldn't go to work, and asked how about saying something about an ex-convict who had made sixty applications for work, without success, and was still trying, willing to work at any task, no matter how menial. The editor agreed.

The following day there appeared in the *Free Press* a two-column spread, containing the pertinent facts, a plug from Brigadier Bunton, and a request that anyone willing to employ me contact the *London Free Press*. The editor went further. He gave me several letters of introduction to factory managers in the area.

I got no results from the publicity, no results with respect to employment, that is. However, I did get some very practical results concerning the facts of life, from one of the factory manager from the letters of introduction — agers. This manager, after he had read my letter of introduction, turned his attention to me and told me he admired my initiative and my frank, straightforward approach, etc. Then he introduced me to the facts of life.

First of all, he pointed out, half his regular employees had been laid off for some time. They had lived in the community all their lives, and most of them were married and had families. They and their families were currently being supported by city welfare. These unemployed were members of the union, which was seeking to have them re-employed. Those who were still employed were friends of and loyal to those who had been laid off.

The result of all this was that if he were to employ me, a stranger, even in the capacity of sweeper, the union, his current employees, those laid off, the city welfare — everybody, would be on his back. In fact, if he gave me a job he might soon be looking for a job himself, might even get run out of town. I still shudder when I think what might have happened to that poor man had he been so foolish as to employ me.

However, I am still grateful to him. For although he could not give me work, he gave me something concrete and real to think about, the facts of life.

TRAJECTORY

I aimed at the moon —
Rode high and proud
And laughed at the mundane throng,
But I laughed too soon
And I laughed too loud
And now I cry too long.

W. J.

PRISMS

MALCONTENT

Brendan Shaw of England was the envy of all his fellow prisoners when he was assigned to do some necessary repair work in a nearby women's prison. Put on the conclusion of his work the guard was not able to find him. He has since been the object of an extensive manhunt, which to date has been unsuccessful.

THE INNER MAN

It seems that in the Orient the long arm of the law can reach inside of you and come up with the evidence.

Tong Si Hup of Singapore was recently convicted of theft by the expedient of surgery. Authorized by a court of law, surgeons operated on him.

Cached in his stomach they found a necklace he had been accused of stealing. As a result of the operation he was sent to prison for an extended stay.

a medical journal



FREE SAMPLES.

Janitor Benjamin Ramos was recently arrested for taking home samples from the firm where he worked, The Hiram Walker Liquor Plant. Federal revenue agents said they stopped him leaving work with four gallons of vodka and bourbon under his coat. Ramos said that he gave it all away. He doesn't drink, he explained, "I have ulcers."

AMONG MY SOUVENIRS

Princetown prison was built in 1809 to house French prisoners and was adapted for use as a convict station in 1850. Situated on a high plateau in south-west Devonshire, England, it is better known to us today as Dartmoor. Not too long ago it was decided that the old prison had outlived its usefulness.

When the news of the proposed demolition became public, the authorities were astonished at the number of requests received from ex-inmates for cell doors. When asked why in the world they should want the old iron-barred doors, they replied that it was a matter of pure sentiment. They wanted them for souvenirs, and had better be torn down.

P.P.

A SELECT FRATERNITY.

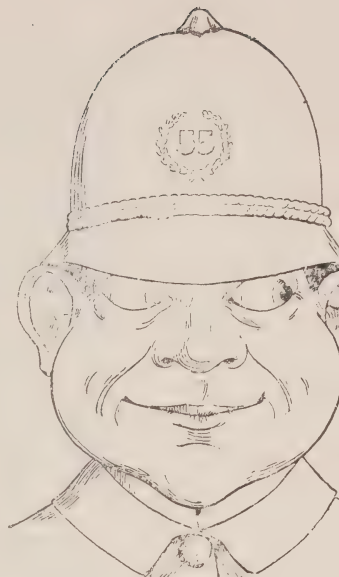
The Toledo Fraternal Order of Police recently admitted a B.B. Rhesus of 2580 Broadway to membership in its auxiliary group, The Fraternal Order of Police Associates. The policemen revoked the membership when someone pointed out that rhesus is a type of monkey, and 2580 Broadway is the address of the Toledo zoo.

Omaha Pen News.

FIVE SHORT

The police paddy wagon left the station with ten convicted drunks. When it arrived at the stockade there seemed to be something amiss; there were only five of them left. The reason, someone forgot to lock the rear door. An astute policeman lost his job.

P.P.



A SOD STORY

Mr. A. R. King of Jacksonville, Florida, put down new sod in the yard of his home. Returning a few hours later to water it, he discovered to his dismay that someone had stolen his new lawn — some six hundred feet of it.

P. P.



FACTORY FACTS.

Passing through the garment factory at Marquette prison the Chaplain, Arthur C. Davries noticed a prisoner sitting cross-legged on the floor, sewing a burlap covering on a bale of overalls.

"Good morning," the Chaplain said, "Sewing, eh?"
"No, Chaplain," the con replied with a grim smile, "Reaping."

Weekly Progress.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE

Sometimes this jail break business can be embarrassing for the con. Take the case of Grady Hopkins. He somehow found a hacksaw blade and cut out a bar from his cell, leaving a nine - inch square opening. He started to wriggle out but much to his dismay found that the hole was too small. He got the help of four cellmates who undressed him and soaped him from top to bottom, then poured water on him. Still he stayed stuck. Ninety minutes later he gave up and a guard was called, who promptly summoned the maintenance crew and freed him.

Reflector.

AUTUMN AWARENESS

True, I find I do recall you,
Grayly, when September nears:
I remember moment - laughter
Darting after crystal tears.
We were seedling - new at love then;
Young in knowing, not in caring,
And the brightness all around us
Held a mantle for our wearing:
Thrice a lifetime in a blue look,
Sweetly lived, unheeding why;
Never seeing that, like summer,
At its rarest, love would die.
So it is that I remember,
When another autumn nears,
How grim laughter echoed after
Down the corridor of years.

Mary Margaret Thomason

1st Prize in Oklahoma State Writer's Club Annual
Poetry Contest, June, 1961

Five

TO YOLANDA B.

There was a time when blue and white
Danced with a turn-and-twist
Upon green grass —
Wrapped in golden day and velvet night,
Trailing a slender mist,
A child would pass.
The child has passed,
Passed are her tender years,
And passed the actualities I knew.
The Magic of old memories is cast
In iron tears
As I remember you.

E. E. C.

THE KEY

My quest has been a fruitless search
But time has made me see.

(When I was very young I thought
It's love that is the key.)

Love came, bloomed, died and mocked me
Then flew my coterie.

(When I was still quite young I thought,
It's hate that is the key.)

Though hate burns bright, the fire is cold
And self can seldom be.

(And yet while growing old I thought
Myself to be the key.)

Alas, I found myself fell short;
I wasn't food to feed me.

(And now though very old I know
There isn't any key.)

J.B.

poems

ADVICE

He travels best who travel reason's road,
At his own gait with neither whip nor goad.
So if you want to bring him where you are,
Don't stand and shout directions from afar,
Go where he is and journey by his side,
At once the good companion and the guide.

Joe Wallace

ORPHAN

Darling little Thalidomide
At first she merely cried and cried
But now with neither hands nor feet
She's howling murder in the street.
But little Strontium, what of him?
Is he content with flipper limb
Because of those behind the scenes
With ends that "justify the means?"

J. S. B.

The following is a reprint by special permission from The Toronto Daily Star. Columnist Ron Haggart presents some thoughtful opinions concerning the comparative values of American and Canadian justice.

OUR JUSTICE

Ron Haggart

Canadian tourists who venture into the United States in the early fall of the even-numbered years usually come back chortling with smug, self-satisfied chauvinism over the queer election signs they have just seen; "Elect McGurk, Municipal Court No. 2" or "Re-elect Judge Drudge — Fearless, Fair, Republican."

It seems to strike Canadians as one of the strangest behaviorisms of the Americans that they elect their lower-court judges. It is somehow considered to be both funny and scandalous, a national quirk to be viewed on the same level as the French giving wine to six-year-olds.

It is well known, of course, that the Canadian judiciary is free of such rule by the mob. Canadian judges and magistrates are pure, are untainted by the ballot box, are not forced into the dismal world of politicians. Some Canadian judges however, are *ex-politicians*, a fact which has lead to the lawyer's joke that "The real difference between the United States and Canada is that in the United States judges are elected; in Canada they are defeated."

The Americans, despite the silly chauvinism of returning tourists, are neither stupid nor immoral. The periodic review of a judge's behavior on the bench (after, in many places, a rather long term) serves an extremely useful function: the judge must be constantly reminded that he is bound not only by the law but also by the changing social attitudes of the community he serves.

In Canada, judges seem often to lag a generation behind the informed consensus of their community.

Across the country, some Canadian judges and magistrates have clung to retributive concepts of justice, sentencing with lash and paddle long after the mass of intelligent public opinion has rejected these tortures as a function of our criminal law.

In British Columbia just the other day, a judge meted out a sentence which will make rehabilitation of the victim impossible; the prisoner was to be beaten upon his entry into prison, and beaten again just before the completion of his term.

I pity the social worker, or the priest, or even the turnkey, who has to deal with this man during his prison term.

How do you convince a prisoner to plan intelligently for his future when the thing that looms the largest in his future is another, and delayed, dose of savagery? How does the social worker implant the message of the desirability and the responsibilities of freedom when freedom is conditional upon another beating?

This kind of sentence handed out in B.C. just a few days ago was common a generation ago. It is still possible under the law. But changing social attitudes have all but wiped out this dubious custom, except in some back-waters of the bench where men can serve free of any fear of the retribution they feel so valuable for others.

In Toronto, too, a magistrate imposed a beating in passing sentence a few days ago, to the accompaniment of delighted yelps of joy from the local tabloid press.

How, in Canada, can the citizen effectively express his anguish and disgust? There is no way at all, at all.

Judges are necessarily, and desirably, a skein of all the public biases—on crime and punishment, on minority races, on trade unions and big business, on Sunday observance and family life. A judge's attitude toward these ideas and institutions will show up in his decisions and especially in his sentencing. Many recent cases involving important men and important institutions (like the C.P.R.) have revealed a great deal about the attitudes of some judges to privilege, wealth and public responsibility.

The problem is not to rid the judge of bias. The problem is to keep the judge at least aware, during his long and secure tenure on the bench of the changing attitudes in the community he serves.

The Americans have found one way to keep their judges up-to-date with these dynamic currents; they have been more successful than we have.

In most U.S. cities the elected lower-court judges are, in fact, the nominees

of the local bar associations. They have been selected by a jury of their peers before they seek the confirmation of a public vote. This process has at least two healthy and appealing features.

The mere possibility that he may have to justify his actions before a jury of his peers imposes a discipline upon the judge—no Canadian judge, on the other hand, will ever have to justify his use of punishments long rejected by a community which has surged ahead of him.

And the U.S. system brings fresh minds and younger men to the lower courts, often men starting to build a career who will later go back to private practice. (Sen. Joseph McCarthy started out this way, although nobler examples can be found.)

The Canadian system is in some ways more "political" than the American—has no one ever heard of an ambitious man standing for election in a hopeless seat so as to attract the attention, and the gratitude, of the party in power? Howard Green, running in a safe Conservative seat in Vancouver during the long years of Liberal power, was one of the most effective judge-makers the country has ever had.

Many Canadian judges, of course, are appointed on the basis of merit. But the periodic practice of elevating defeated politicians to the bench smacks of Boss-ism, much as we may tidily and hypocritically disguise the fact. This, however, is an age that despises radicalism of any kind, and while a newspaper can inspire hundreds to sympathy for a single unfortunate arsonist, any attempt to examine the source of power on the bench will be greeted with jokes about American judges checking with their campaign manager to see what decision they should make.

Perhaps the Americans do not have the answer. Certainly we do not. But when a Canadian must stand aside, helpless in the face of a few examples of outdated thinking on the bench, he does not have the right to look at his neighbour and laugh.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Kingston

T.C.

It is impossible to over emphasize the importance of the prison inmate's contact with the outside world; relationships with people who care, through letters and visits, are an important factor in the inmate's ultimate adjustment. If he has no relatives — which is often true of men in prison — correspondence with sympathetic and understanding friends makes his time less weighty and his future less dismal. If he has been associated with the criminal element for the biggest part of his life, his friends are likely to be of that element; in a case of this nature he is out of luck, as is were, for contact with the outside world. But for the inmate fortunate enough to have a friend of unquestionable character, the proverbial row is not quite so hard to hoe. When, in spite of his circumstances, someone expresses an interest in a prison inmate's welfare, that inmate examines himself to discover just what there is about himself that warrants the interest; this introspection often reveals that he has redeemable qualities which, if developed, could make him a normal man capable of living a normal life.

Three years ago *Telescope* featured an article entitled 'The Censor's Department' in which the reader was familiarized with the existing censorship policy. Since 1959 several radical changes have been made in the regulations regarding what is to be permitted and what is not to be permitted when inmates of this penitentiary write and receive letters.

Aside from the changes in regulations — brought about by the Commissioner of Penitentiaries — there has been a

transference of authority to the men whose duty it has been for many years to censor the mail and supervise the visits. These men — guards of long service — are no longer bound by inflexible restrictions. They are now permitted to make personal decisions in particular situations.

A good deal of progress has been made by the little department located in the building between the great steel gates that are Kingston Penitentiary's teeth; progress that invites more progress.

In 1959 inmates of this penitentiary were permitted to write only two letters a month and an inflexible rule dictated that those two letters be written to immediate relatives.

Editor's note: *It has been pointed out to us that inmates even then were permitted, in addition, to correspond with one approved, male friend.*

Today an inmate is issued four letter-blanks each month and if he has sufficient funds to his credit in the canteen, he may purchase — for six cents apiece — as many letter-blanks as he cares to fill. (This privilege is enjoyed, for the most part, by non-smokers.)

An inmate is still expected to write his immediate relatives if he has any and is on friendly terms with them, but if he does not have relatives he may correspond with one friend of reputable character. Whether or not the friend of the inmate's choosing is of reputable character is determined by the Censor's Department — aided by the police force of the town in which the inmate's friend resides.

With all the progress that has been made in the Censor's Department these last three years, there is still a need for more. Because the three men who comprise the staff of the Censor's Department are kept so busy, they are forced to set down general rules in the interest of expediency. They have found that the best way to curb the inmate's proclivity toward correspondence with more than the one sanctioned friend — occasioning a great deal of extra work for themselves — is to give every inmate upon his admittance to the penitentiary a form on which he is required to specify the people with whom he wishes to correspond.

The form system, like most systems of a general nature, has many bad features. When a man first enters a penitentiary to begin serving a sentence his mental condition is such that in his immediate confusion, he may not act in his own best interest; he may,

for instance, give very little consideration to the form on which he is required to list his proposed correspondents because he is not thinking in terms of having a future. He may later on regret that he did not give his correspondence list a little more consideration but once having specified his correspondents, he is seldom permitted to make changes. Often an inmate remembers a friend too late; often he omits a friend's name, thinking that his friend will have no interest in a correspondence with a convict. The deplorable aspect of a situation such as this is that the friend the inmate has forgotten or omitted later decides to write, the inmate is not permitted to answer the friend's letter because of his original oversight.

The rules governing the permissible content of letters is very basic. A letter is not considered detrimental if it does not include mention of:

- (a) penitentiary administration;
- (b) crimes committed by persons other than the inmate;
- (c) any matter directly affecting the security of any penitentiary;
- (d) matter directly conferring praise or censure on any penitentiary officer;
- (e) matter referring to anything against public interest.

There are many reasons why restricted correspondence lists have become part of prison policy and no one is more cognizant of just what those reasons are than Mr. H.E. Fuller, head of Kingston Penitentiary's Censor's Department. While researching this article, this writer interviewed Mr. Fuller. It was from him that this writer learned what has thus far been written. The interview lasted slightly over half an hour and though it was virtually impossible to ask all the pertinent questions about the correspondence situation in that short a time, some of the most essential questions were put to Mr. Fuller and the interview went smoothly. In the interest of word economy, it might be best reported the interview as it occurred.

- Q. How long have you been employed in the Censor's Department, Mr. Fuller?
- A. It's twenty-eight years now.
- Q. I guess there has been considerable change in administrative attitude since you first began working here?
- A. There certainly has. The inmates here are having a picnic now compared to what they had even ten years ago.
- Q. Has there been much change in correspondence restrictions in these last few years?
- A. Surely. It wasn't too long ago that an inmate was allowed to receive and write two letters a month.
- Q. And about how many letters do you now process every day?
- A. Oh, approximately two hundred.
- Q. Mr. Fuller, inmates are permitted to write their relatives, but there are always a lot of beefs about not being able to write friends. Could you clarify that situation?
- A. Yes. An inmate is permitted to write one friend. Of course, if he is married that friend would have to be a man.
- Q. What if an inmate is married but has not lived with his wife for many years and he wishes to write the woman with whom he has been involved?
- A. We can't help that.
- Q. What if there are children?
- A. We'll write his wife and if she sanctions the correspondence, we'll allow it.
- Q. And if his wife chooses to be vindictive?
- A. We can't be the judges of that.
- Q. Aren't the rules governing additions to mailing lists a little stringent?
- A. They may be but we have a lot of work to do up here and we can't be changing names of correspondents every second day.
- Q. Do you make decisions regarding the character of inmate's proposed correspondents?
- A. Sometimes. If we have reason to believe that an inmate's correspondent is of questionable character. We'll ask the police to investigate.
- Q. I imagine a perfectly legitimate person would be a little disconcerted by a police investigation?
- A. Well, if a legitimate person writes to the penitentiary, he would understand why we have to investigate.
- Q. Do you sometimes discourage inmates from writing legitimate people to safeguard against possible corruption?
- A. We only discourage inmates from writing legitimate people who might not be old enough to fully understand who they are writing.
- Q. Are you optimistic about more improvement in the correspondence situation?
- A. Son, I'm retiring in six weeks. I'm optimistic about that.

This is correspondence in Kingston Penitentiary. There has been improvement, and there undoubtedly will be more. There are many complex theories about what prison inmates need most to start them on the road to rehabilitation but there is nothing complex about the first two prerequisites: Feed them, and let them hear from home.



Dick Armer

As is the usual procedure, a writer should introduce himself. I am Dick Armer, your new sports Editor. I will bring you the highlights of all the Sports and hope to do as well as the previous writer.

On Monday August 6th, the close of the holiday weekend, we held our Baseball Congress for the Allen Cup. It was a day that hasn't been seen here for quite some time. During the regular season the Saint's didn't live up to expectancies. Of course, they came through a few times, more often in fact than we could expect under the circumstances. However, it seemed everytime that we got a hurler he would be moved to another insitution. This certainly did not help the player's morale and most definitely played hell on the manager's nerves. But when the Cup was up for bidding, the "SAINTS CAME MARCHING IN". I might say at this time, that the Allen Cup was donated by the now retired Warden Allen, who brought Baseball into this domain.

ACE MOTORS vs SAINTS

This game was the most important of the day as the Allan Cup was at stake. The game started a little weak, with Herb Handy getting a walk and then scoring on pass balls. The game came to a standstill until the top of the fourth. And, lo and behold, big Buff Gardiner came to bat and smashed a homer over right field wall, putting the Saints ahead 2 - 0. In the fifth inning Carter came to bat for the Ace Motors and belted one over the left field wall, making the score 2-1. In the top of the seventh with a man on base it was Buff Gardiner at the plate. And it happened again. D. Amie put it where he liked it and into the lake it went, making the score 4 - 1. Carter and H. Amie got hits in the bottom of the seventh for Ace Motors putting themselves in scoring position. D. Amie then came to the plate and drove one over the left wall, tying up the score 4 - 4.

The eighth inning was the telling point in the game. Dumas and Handy walked. The next two men filed out. Then Mike (The Clutcher) Roach, came to the triangle. He got hold of one and put it into deep centerfield, bringing in two runs, breaking the tie and putting the Saint's ahead 6 - 4. Ace Motors came to bat in the ninth but couldn't do anything to better themselves. Thus ended a well played ball game. Wally Dumas the winner. D. Amie the loser. The Saint's brought back the Cup. Congrat's to Mgr. of the Saint's Ike (The Mayor) Crellian. I might say at this time that Belleville held the Cup for Three seasons in a row.

A good job of umpiring was done by "Chief Umpire" Al Corrie, R. Lundrigan, and at last but not least Rosie Roseman, a guy who keeps the game rolling.

Thanks also to Bill Shaw, Ted Douglas, and Paul Potter for bringing in their teams.

BELLVILLE ALLSTARS vs SAINTS

This game held the morning slot and was the first of the exciting contests of the day. For those who saw the game it was the game of all games. You could call it terrific, amazing, great, stupendous, and at the very least memorable. It was a game of which like you would never see again.

There is no doubt it was a pitcher's duel. Bobby Butterfield was firing for the Bellville Allstars and Bruce Saunders for the Saints.

The action started in the second inning when Mitt, the third baseman for the Allstars, came to bat and hit a triple into left centerfield. The next batter grounded out to second. Muirhead then came to bat and got a single, bringing in Mitt and putting the Allstars ahead 1 - 0.



The Saints, 1962

It was a pitcher's contest from here until the seventh inning with neither side scoring. Then the star first baseman for the Saint's Big George Bedard, came to the triangle with two out and slammed one off the left centerfield wall for a triple. Bondy was the next batter and came through as he did all year. He drove a single into right centerfield bringing in Bedard and tying up the game 1-1.

The pressure started to build up at this point. This writer thinks the Saint Mgr. Ike Crellian, needed an ucler diet after what he went through. I have yet to see a Mgr. told to sit down so many times.

Neither side gave an inch until the bottom of the 13th. Everyone else was eating dinner but the teams were given permission to finish the game. The Saint's heavy artillery was on deck. Centerfield Alymar started it off with a single. Saunders was next and grounded out. Next on tap was Third baseman Buff Gardiner who got on base with a fielders choice. Red McKillop, the old standby and alltime short stop, then came to the plate, Red slammed a double into right centerfield, driving in two runs, breaking up a well - played and tight game. The final score - Saint's 3, Allstars 1. Saunders the winner, Butterfield the loser.

As it was said before, it was a game that won't be duplicated in here for quite awhile. We also would like to thank the outside umpires who were brought in for the game, A. Kelleher, L.Barton, H. Bowdden. Hope to have you again.

WHITBY DUNLOPS vs ACE MOTORS

In the afternoon game we had the pleasure of playing host to two outside teams. Ace Motors came in from Kingston and the Dunlops from Whitby. The Dunlops were the favorites to win this game and were known to have a very good team. But as it turned out the game wasn't too spectacular. Scott was hurling for Ace Motors and Carl for Whitby. The Ace Motor team out-hit Whitby 14-8 and won the game 7-3. It was later learned by this reporter that Whitby was missing some of their regular players. Had they been able to show up it might have been a different game. The manager for the Dunlops, Ted Douglas, says it will be different next time. I think he means it.



A casual shot of Reg. Heald in the weight pit

HEARD IN THE CELLBLOCK

"Well, Buddy, the movie's this afternoon. Are you coming to see Dracula's Daughter?"

"Who needs to see her? I was married to her for six years!"

Curves & Angles

Neil Hicks



The baseball came, hurtling high in the slanting sunlight, and plummeted in a steep arc toward the weight pit where thirty-odd bare-torsoed body builders were busy at their evening routines.

"Heads up!" someone called as the ball thudded on the concrete. It had narrowly missed Big Jake's left ear as he stood, poised like a bronze Atlas, with a 200-and-some-pound barbell at heroic arms length above his head. The other men winced. Some scrabbled for cover like bomb victims, as if there were any cover, meanwhile squinting into the sunshine over the ball diamond

in an effort to locate the missile. Then, realizing that it had already landed and the danger was past, they cursed a few vague threats and went back to the work at hand. But not Big Jake.

"This nonsense has got to stop," Big Jake declared to no one in particular as he lowered the huge barbell gently to the cement. He turned slowly around, flexing his muscles emphatically and some pale affable chaps from the tailor shop who gather at the weight pit as spectators began whispering excitedly.

Jake strode meaningfully toward the near corner of the bleachers where baseball manager Fergie stood watching

ball practice. He tapped Fergie on the shoulder and said, "Look--"

"Why, Jake!" Fergie said, smiling as he turned. "You're getting to look like a young stallion. Those arms look bigger every time I see them." He shuffled his feet rapidly in the execution of a little dance step and punched playfully at Jake's enormous bicep. Then he wagged his shining, Eisenhower haircut sadly and said, "Too bad you never learned to pitch a baseball, though."

"Baseball is for kids," Big Jake said disparagingly. "I grew out of it when I reached puberty, whatever that is. But what I came over here to tell you is that you and your mob of forty-year-old teenagers are going to get--"

"For kids!" Fergie said in a stricken voice. "Look, I'm a Manager, see. It looks simple, but some of the capers I gotta pull to keep my team on top you wouldn't believe." He looked over his shoulder to make sure they were private, then explained in the voice and manner of one divulging the utmost confidence.

"Everybody thinks Midge's arm is sprung," he said. "Actually it's better than ever. We're just spreading propaganda to force the odds up so a man can get a decent return on his tobacco investment. In the baseball business you gotta shoot curves and angles like a Bay Street broker. It's very character building in a diplomatic way. If you saw the Apes play the Onagers last week you know what I mean.

"Now take Big Mike. He's a total blank on my team, but if I put him in

the player pool he'd tear my head off. So I've got a rumor started that we're holding him back. You watch. Another team will be making us a trade for him. And whenever I want a player off another team I just get a whisper out that the guy's got a parole coming, or a transfer. Then his manager goes all out to deal him off. It's a science."

"Kid stuff," Big Jake said, flexing his left tricep and running the fingers of his right hand lovingly down its magnificent delineation. "Bats and balls!"

Fergie grimaced at this lack of sympathy and sighed. Then he smiled again and tried a new tack.

"Look at it this way, Jake," he said patiently. "Every man's got his own game." His voice grew still more confidential and again he shot a glance across his shoulder to make sure that no one eavesdropped. "Now suppose I told you I saw a new kind of apparatus in a magazine and it's gonna revolutionize the muscle industry. It's a sort of cantilever dumbbell with an offset cam and it's all chrome steel." Fergie made faces while he explained, and gestured with both hands in an effort to get the idea across. "And it's got a sort of half-moon grip for the hands and when you grab it it feels good. You can get all the muscles, even the little ones, into the act — and guaranteed no blisters."

"Yeah," Big Jake breathed appreciatively, his eyes lighting up as he visualized the word picture. "Now you're talking sense, Fergie. Where can a guy order a weight like that?"

TO THE READER

Are you receiving your TELESCOPE regularly? Is your name and address listed properly? How do you think we could improve the magazine? Would some of your friends be interested in receiving a complimentary copy, or in subscribing, perhaps?

We would like to hear from you.

Sincerely,
The Eds.

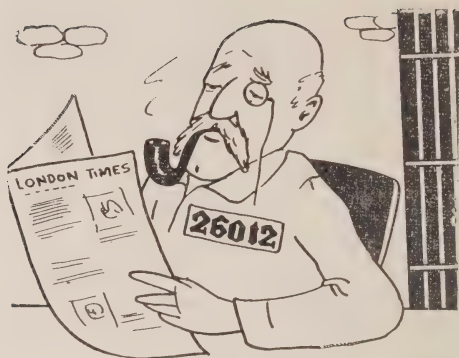
ON THE BIAS

J. S. B.

The Saskatchewan Medicare controversy has been settled after a fashion. Tempers have subsided and it is now possible to examine the situation in the light of logic, common sense and all available knowledge of the issue.

It would seem that money as usual, was the main bone of contention. The Saskatchewan Government wished to tax every citizen of the province to pay for all medical services. Out of this tax fund, the government would then pay the fees of the physicians and surgeons. Also out of this fund would come the costs of administration.

The manner in which the government's case was presented to the public leaves a great deal to be desired. In the first place, the case for socialized medicine was built on a false premise, namely: that under the current system, some people were being denied medical care because they could not pay for it. Such a condition never did exist in Saskatchewan or any place in Canada.



The government said that a majority of the people wanted socialized medicine. The government said that everybody was entitled to medical care whether he could pay for it or not. The head of the Saskatchewan government was quoted as saying that the only freedom the doctors were being deprived of was the freedom to overcharge their patients.

The statement that the majority of the people want socialized medicine is just a trifle ridiculous. As a matter of fact, the majority of the people don't know what they want until somebody tells them or they read it in the newspapers. Furthermore it is not difficult to persuade the majority of the people to vote for something for nothing. Socialized automobiles would be right popular!

Governments are forever saying that the majority is always right but history indicates on every page that the majority is almost invariably wrong. The view of Ibsen was not so charitable. He wrote, "The majority is always wrong." Whether the average person votes pro or con depends to a considerable degree on which side of the issue comes to his attention first. Most people find it difficult to entertain more than one idea at a time and are completely incapable of originating one.

It is no novelty for the medical profession to find itself in direct opposition to all organized society. This has

been the natural state of affairs throughout the entire history of medical knowledge.

During the middle ages the practice of medicine was a most perilous line of endeavor indeed. The acquisition of any new knowledge of anatomy was fraught with peril. The prescription of any treatment not sanctioned by the Christian church was tantamount to heresy, and was punished by torture and death in flames for the first offense. History doesn't mention the penalty for subsequent offenses.

Medical science never advanced so rapidly as it did in England during the lifetime of John Hunter (1728-93). Fanatically devoted as he was to the study of anatomy, he risked his life and liberty constantly in obtaining cadavers for dissection and experiment. When this Scottish student ventured out on a nocturnal, grave-robbing expedition, he knew that he went in danger of arrest and imprisonment by the lawful authorities. He knew also that if he were apprehended by a mob of Christian fanatics, he would be torn limb from limb. Still he persisted, to become one of the most important names in the history of anatomical knowledge.

Returning to the present day we find the same old struggle. Medical science seeks for knowledge and enlightenment—the forces of ignorance and superstition seek to suppress any and all advancement.

The medical profession today represents mankind at its highest. It should serve as an example for all the rest of mankind, an indication of the latent potentialities of the human animal. The young physician who has just hung out his shingle represents about thirty thousand dollars worth of education to which he has devoted about twenty years of his life. Surely at this stage, with all his hard won qualifications, he is entitled to choose his own patients and set his own fees. Since his education and training were not supplied by the

government, it follows naturally that the government cannot with justice deprive him of the fruits of that education.

Intelligent people admire the physicians and surgeons for their attainments and try to emulate them—this is progress. Ignorant people on the other hand, envy the financial and social position of the doctors but do not attempt to improve their own condition. Instead they try to pull the doctors down to their own level. The majority is not right but it does wield considerable power.

The qualifications of the opposing forces are difficult to assess. A politician campaigning for office, does not make a practice of publishing his qualifications. There is probably, somewhere in Canada, an elected office holder who possesses a degree of political science—more than one is unlikely. Politics as a career attracts mostly lawyers and churchmen, neither of which is qualified by education or experience to direct or curtail the operations of the medical profession. It is worthy of note that no suggestion was ever made that a qualified medical man be put in complete charge of the government's medical plan.

At the present time it appears that nobody has won—there has been a compromise. The doctors are to be allowed to practice outside the medical plan. Socialized medicine has been established in Saskatchewan but how it is going to operate without doctors has yet to be explained. Importing English doctors will not work. They would have to be licensed by the existing College of Physicians. If the government takes over the licensing, the situation would not be improved. Only a very brave or a very foolish person would put his life in the hands of a physician whose qualifications had been approved by a board of politicians.

If the medical profession loses its struggle against regimentation, a fitting epitaph would be—The operation was successful but the patient Died.

LEILA

Mike Fulton

"I can remember the first time we met, as if it happened a few hours ago" the old man said, "the big deal finally came through — I was in real estate" he said explanatory, while filling and lighting an ancient, worn pipe. He took a few puffs and spoke again.

"Made a lot of money in them days— yes, sir. Took that holiday I had been promising myself for a long time. Rented a yacht at San Diego, coasted all the way down to San Lucas and then up the Gulf of California, Golfo de California, the Mexicans call it. There is a small island way up, Isla Angel de la Guarda, island of the guardian angel, where I stopped for a few days to refuel and for some more canned food, had my fishing tackle repaired as well. There's just one small village on the island, else it is a pile of rocks, and I dropped anchor near a big cliff jutting out into the sea."

The old man's deep, slow voice had a mesmeric effect on me. I could see and smell the ship, the ocean, feel the heat of the sun searing my skin — and then we met her. There was the black rock growing out of the deep, like petrified

fingers of a primordial giant trying to claw the isle back into the sea. In the shimmering light I saw her. She was looking at us from the water, half reclining, half poised for flight.

The old man relit his pipe, and this brought me back into reality.

"I could make out her features", he continued. "Prettiest face I ever saw, big green eyes, pale lips, white teeth sparkling in the sun, her long hair jet black. I moved nearer and like a flash, she was gone. Some swimmer. I said to myself, and then the net I had put out to catch bait dipped and bobbed. When I started to pull, I knew I had something big. I put a lot of power behind my heave, in those days, over thirty years ago, I was two hundred pounds of solid muscle, not an ounce of fat." He chuckled in his reminiscing and his toothless gums clicked.

"I hoisted the net on deck with the thing in it. Couldn't see at first what kind of fish it was, all tangled up with weeds, so I gave the whole mess a hefty whack with an oar. Then I started carefully to unwrap the net."

The old fellows voice, with its hypnotic timbre, was reaching into my brain again, and there I was — standing on deck, gazing with breathless admiration at the snow-white limbs of a beautiful girl lying senseless on a bed of algae. Her skin glistened with myriads of briny droplets like miniature pearls rolling on smooth satin, her ebon hair iridescent in the blinding tropical sun, her body was flawless sculpture."

A paroxysm of coughing tore the umbilical cord of my thoughts, bringing me back to reality again. The sun was disappearing. There was a chill in the air. The old man looked with sightless eyes into the infinite, mauve, evening sky, lost deep in his memories.

On the following day, I chanced across the same spot. There, seated on the bench, smoking his pungent brier, was the old man again.

"Hello, son," he greeted "let me tell you the rest of my story."

I sat down.

"Where did I leave off yesterday? Mm, yes," he recollected, "I had whacked her over the head," He cackled like an old rooster.

"First thing I did, after having a good look, I covered her with my shirt, then I just sat there not knowing what to do. Never seen such a lovely creature in all my life. I looked at her legs, long and slim they were, but there was a fine membrane covering them, like both legs stuck in a greenish-tinged, transparent sheath.

"Just then she came to, looked at me wide eyed, and started to make squeaky, frightened sounds. She never moved, I could see she was scared witless. Tried speaking to her, first in English, then in Spanish, then Portugee, then a little German and French. But she just lay there, looking at me with her big green eyes. After a while, when she realised I wasn't going to harm her, she tried to get up and I noticed that just behind her ears, half hidden by her hair, she had small gills. Yes, sir. Gills like I had only seen on fishes before. And she had two legs all right, they were kind of grown together with that membrane.

"Then she sat up and my shirt fell off her. I didn't rightly know which way to look." The old man's voice trailed off and I had to nudge him back into the now. He let out a deep sigh and refilled his pipe. I lit it for him. He continued.

"So Leila, for that was the name I gave her, stayed on the boat. After a few days the membrane dried off her legs and she learned to walk. Within a month she could talk and then I taught her to wear clothes, she looked real cute in my old jeans and shirts. After a while I broke her off eating raw fish. When we finally got back to San Diego, she looked and behaved like any normal girl.. She wore her hair so you couldn't see the gills and her strangeness towards other people wore off soon enough. When we got home I intro-

duced her to my friends and relatives as my Mexican wife. Oh, yes, I married her before a Justice of the Peace outside Los Angeles. Gave her name as Leila Gonzales and left it at that.

"We were married for twenty years, as happy as could be. Then suddenly, Leila became ill. Wasn't anything you could put your finger on, she lost weight, could not sleep, had all kinds of aches and pains.. Then she started having blackouts and took to her bed. I could see she was slowly wasting away, inch by inch. And we both knew what was wrong, the sea was calling her back. Leila had been on land long enough.

"Whilst talking it over and over, I could see her getting worse. In the end we decided she would have to go back. A hard decision for both of us to make, but I could sense she wasn't going to last much longer on land.

"So we set out for the coast, stopped north of Seattle, at Blaine in Canada. There we hired a boat, and when we were about half a mile off shore she put her arms around me, gave me one last kiss and just leaped overboard. In the water, she took off her clothes, waved to me and was gone." A big tear rolled down the old mans face, he sniffed and blew his nose.

"And then my troubles started. When I got back to shore I found the police waiting for me. Some joker with a pair of binoculars had seen Leila kiss me and then jump. thought he had seen a struggle and called the law. What could I tell them? When it was found that Leila had taken a twenty thousand dollar insurance policy on her life, I was charged with murder. And my defense? The jury smiled, the judge laughed. I was lucky to get a commutation."

Just then a guard interrupted.

"All right boys, yard's over. Let's move." He looked knowingly at the old man, gave me a wink and, as we fell in line with the rest of the cons to go back to our cells, he made a circling motion with his finger on his forehead.

Letters to the Editors

Dear Sirs:

When the idea of subscribing to *Telescope* first occurred to me, I had only one fear: That your magazine might be of the common 'tear sheet' variety. In this the age of atomic bombs and crashing aeroplanes, people certainly have their own troubles and any consideration of yours is beyond them. It was with a great deal of relief that I discovered your magazine to be almost without subjective indulgence. I would not hesitate to recommend your magazine to any friend of mine, be he troubled or not by atomic bombs and crashing aeroplanes.

Helen Gruber
Toronto

Dear Sirs:

I find *Telescope* a refreshing change from standard magazine bill-of-fare. It is interesting to read occasionally the other side of a question. My uncle was a magistrate and I have a cousin who is forever talking penology at the dinner table. It sometimes makes me wonder.

I once asked my husband, who is a medical research technician, how he supposed the bugs felt on his microscope slides. He laughed, of course. But I wasn't joking; I was serious.

Success to *Telescope*
(Mrs.) J. Watson
Toronto

Gentlemen:

Last week one of my professors remarked that *Telescope* should be required reading for all law students, lest we come to think that we are dealing in abstracts instead of people. I took him at his word and searched the newstands, but could not find any that handled it.

Please let me know if it can be had on a subscription basis.

Yours truly,
D. M. Mercer
Toronto

The Editors:

I was quite thrilled when I read the *Telescope* which my husband receives from you every month. He was a salesman who for years sold Campbell's Linen Thread to a lot of the prisons in Quebec and Ontario.

I was pleased to think that the inmates would get the good message. A better time is coming soon. Many of them will get a chance to live in Jehovah's Righteous New World. Many of you, I know, are victims of this present evil world.

Best wishes to all,
Mr. & Mrs. Warren,
Lachute, P.Q.



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